

Their Love Letters

By EDITH V. ROSS

It is quite remarkable that so volatile a sensation as love can settle into so humdrum an affair as married life. Nevertheless the two conditions are very different, and there is no doubt that love before marriage is like the wind playing upon the strings of a harp, now bringing forth low, sweet sounds and now the wildest strains. It is not only the greatness of these changes, but the suddenness. Take the case of Gus Pickering and Sara Travers for instance. They met at a barn dance and flew at each other as if drawn together by a pair of thousand volt magnets. Two days later they did not speak to each other when they met. In three more days they were engaged. Then they, living in different towns, began that voluminous letter writing which never has been and never can be equaled by any other correspondence than lovers. The letters that passed between them varied daily from one to five, the one representing ordinary conditions, the five when Gus wrote something Sara did not understand.

Alas, the day came when Gus perpetrated a joke in one of his letters that Sara did not understand, and she slapped his letter right back at him. Had he not been proud of his joke the affair might have passed like their thousand and one other spats. As it was, Gus wrote that since Sara had thought proper to return one of his letters she might return them all.

To this Sara replied that she was not so silly as to leave him in possession of her letters and if he wished his own the first thing for him to do was send every scrap she had ever written him. To this Gus replied that, since a great deal of gush had been written by both, perhaps it would be well for them to make an exchange.

To this Sara agreed and said she awaited the return of his "gush" and would thereafter be careful how she wrote any more of it to any man.

A number of very short and pointed notes passed between them as to which should first return the other's letters, and no headway was made. Then Gus proposed that they should compromise the matter. "Certainly," was the reply. "I'm ready for a compromise."

"Well," Gus answered, "what shall the compromise be?" "Why, you send back my letters, of course; then I'll send back yours."

About this time an acquaintance of Gus' was sued for breach of promise. This put an idea into his head. He had been making love to a girl he didn't know much about and he would not be surprised if she should sue him for breach of promise. If she did all that "gush" he had written would be read in open court. He fancied the guffaws of the lawyers, the jury and the spectators. It is very easy for a man to work himself into a panic, especially if he feels that he is in the hands of a woman who is ready to turn upon him. Gus climbed from his improbability to another till he fancied the girl he had thought he loved wouldn't scruple to do anything for avenge. And how could any one take a greater revenge than by giving up to be read to the world such expressions as "my own sweetest, dearest, darling, puss?" Ugh! How could he have been guilty of such folly anyway?

He thought of a great many ways to get his letters into his own possession, but there was a weak spot in all of them. Finally he proposed an exchange through a mutual friend. "Very well," was the reply. "We'll both give them to Madge Walker. She'll give you yours and me mine."

"I'm no such fool," he wrote, "as to place any confidence in one of the female sex. The go-between must be a man." This brought another check to the proceedings.

Finally it occurred to Gus that he might take Sara's letters to her and get his own in exchange. Singular, wasn't it, that he had not thought of this before? He wrote the girl he had wildly loved that he would take her letters to her and secure his own, after which there would be a parting between them that would last forever.

The spring was coming on, and the leaves were beginning to bud. The crocuses had already come up. The birds had begun to build their nests. These two haters who had been lovers agreed to meet in a wood back of the girl's home. Each appeared, bringing a huge bundle of letters. They met on a stile.

"Don't you think you owe me an apology?" said Sara.

"What for?"

"Why, that horrid thing you wrote me that caused all the trouble."

"What did I say?"

"Why, you said you said that I can't remember what you said."

Gus thought he saw a tear standing in her eye. Dropping his bundle, he went to her, put his arms about her and kissed her.

But the letters. So engrossed were they with their unspoken that they went away and forgot both bundles. Then along came uncouth boys, who, seeing the packages, took out and read a few of the letters. Not finding them interesting, they played football with the packages for awhile, then left them on the ground. That night a great storm sprang up, and the letters of Gus Pickering and Sara Travers were scattered all over the country. For months kind friends were returning them from every quarter, and every return was not only mortifying, but heartrending.

NO GRAPE JUICE DINNER YET.

Atlanta Postpones Event in Honor of William Jennings Bryan.

Atlanta, June 4.—As William Jennings Bryan could not be present, the first grape juice dinner in the history of Atlanta was called off and the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Georgia school of technology was postponed a day.

GRILLING THE SENATORS

U. S. Senate Resumes the "Lobby" Investigation

DILLINGHAM HAS SEEN NO LOBBY

But Has Received Many Letters Bearing on the Tariff

Washington, June 4.—Senator Penrose yesterday told the special Senate committee hunting for "the lobby" that in his sixteen years' experience in Washington he never knew of any attempts to improperly influence members of Congress. He gave the names of 175 persons who had called on him since January 1, on the tariff, but declared that none were "lobbyists" in the general acceptance of the term. "It's well known that certain interests have agents here," said the senator, "and I suppose they are paid salaries. They evidently get information for their organizations. Their work is perfectly legitimate. I have seen Mr. Burgess for the pottery interests here for years and Mr. Brown for the cotton people. Their work is perfectly legitimate as far as I know. My own opinion is that the lobby is simply a thing of the past. Congressional committees pay little attention to them now."

Senator Penrose thought that probably "Winthrop L. Marvin of Boston represented the wool people" in Washington, and Senator Reed was interested to learn if Marvin ever had anything to do with fixing the tariff on wool or Brown with the cotton tariff. Senator Penrose insisted the men did nothing more than present arguments to senators and representatives, and that neither had anything to do with making the rates of the Payne law. Senator Reed recalled on cross-examination, however, that Mr. Marvin at one time was secretary of a joint congressional committee to investigate the merchant marine.

"Social lobbying in Washington justifies every word President Wilson uttered in regard to the presence of an 'insidious lobby at the capitol,'" Senator Kenyon of Iowa, declared on the stand. This was the first unequivocal statement in support of the president's attitude.

The senator explained he believed the most insidious and powerful lobbying possible was practiced by flattery women at dinners, theatres, automobile rides, etc., as was being done.

Dillingham Has Seen No Lobby

Senator Dillingham testified he had no financial interest in any business affected by the tariff or other legislation and represented no one who had.

Answering the stock question as to the names of his callers, the Vermont senator said he could recall only Samuel Ullman, a New York fur dealer, who protested against a duty on furs, although he knew there had been a number of others who came to talk over tariff duties. He did produce, however, a voluminous list of those from whom he had received letters bearing on tariff matters.

Referring to some of these he explained that while dealers of Barre, Vt., the greatest granite center in the world, favored the tariff cuts in the pending bill, the consumers there—the employees—wrote him they preferred the Payne-Aldrich rates, because granite was cheaper.

None of the committee seemed disposed to shed light on this by questioning Dillingham and the witness dropped the matter.

Dillingham said no one had attempted improperly to influence his vote on legislation and that he had no interest direct or indirect, in the tariff charges.

"I have seen the widespread sugar advertisements," he explained, "but I have not heard of money being used either way."

The greatest "pressure" ever exerted on him since he entered Congress, Dillingham continued, seemed to be that emanating from some source opposed to the Owen bill creating a public health service. The senator explained he had been flooded with protests, all apparently coming from the same general source. The shipping companies had also waged a somewhat similar campaign against the Dillingham-Burnett immigration bill, he stated.

"Do you regard this 'round robin' system as a 'pressure'?"

Climate Failed; Medicine Effective

It has been absolutely shown that rest, fresh air and good food do help many cases of tuberculosis. But it must be admitted that the climate seldom more than "arrests" something.

CURED VERY SORE RASH ON BABY'S EAR

Scratched Until It Bleed Then Turned into Scabs. Mother Washed It with Cuticura Soap and Applied Cuticura Ointment. In Three Weeks He Was as Well as Ever.

74 Blackstone St., Worcester, Mass.—"First a red rash came on baby's ear and it was very itchy. He would scratch it until it would bleed and then it would turn into scabs, and get very sore. He was very cross. I got some ointment, but that made it worse and made him crosser. I bought the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and washed baby with the Cuticura Soap; then put the Cuticura Ointment on. I was surprised to see him getting better after a few treatments and I kept on using them. At the end of three weeks he was perfectly cured. Now he has a beautiful clear skin and has not had any trouble since."



"When I saw how it cured baby I made my husband try it on a rash he had on his leg, which was very sore. After using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment six times it disappeared for good." (Signed) Mrs. John D. Dixon, Nov. 12, 1911.

For treating poor complexion, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

For tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

ten of writing congressmen as fair?" asked Senator Walsh.

"I think the country is getting misinformed by such practices," the witness answered.

"Can you suggest a remedy?"

"I cannot; the people are being led to believe that certain measures will produce effects that we who are acquainted with legislation know they cannot produce."

SMOKING OUT THE TOBACCO TRUST

The Cabinet Is Not Quite Sure That the Octopus Was Dissolved By the Recent Dissolution.

Washington, June 4.—Practically the entire time of President Wilson and the cabinet at the regular semi-weekly meeting yesterday was given over to a discussion of the recent dissolution of the tobacco trust. Attorney General McReynolds has for some time been conducting preliminary observations to determine if the decree of dissolution had been observed in its spirit, and if in fact a "tobacco trust" still existed. It was regarded as significant that the attorney general's attention to the situation had progressed far enough to be outlined to the president and the cabinet. Mr. McReynolds, who was special counsel for the government in the prosecuted which ended in the supreme court's opinion, did not agree with the method of dissolving the "trust" approved by former Attorney General Wickensham and dissented to several features. Since he took office as attorney general there have been repeated indications that he was watching closely the working of the separated units of the big monopoly. Cabinet officers declared that neither the Japanese nor Mexican questions were taken up yesterday.

Attorney General McReynolds flatly declined to discuss what he had presented to the president and the cabinet and would not indicate what his plans might be.

MONTPELIER

Choral Union Came Out \$250 Behind When Expenses Were Settled.

A meeting of 97 members of the choral union was held last evening to hear reports of the financial outcome of the recent festival and learned there was a deficit of \$250. Those present promised to contribute \$116 toward raising the debt and the other members will be given a like opportunity. It was the unanimous opinion that the festival should be continued, even though they do not quite pay expenses, but any action on the matter was postponed until a later meeting for that purpose.

Ira Lindsey, who has been running the photographic studio in the Walton block, has gone out of the business and is now engaged in the automobile business in Manchester, N. H.

Montpelier won from Northfield high yesterday in baseball, by a score of 5 to 4.

The music pupils of Prof. L. J. Hathaway and his assistant, Miss Gladys Gale, at Montpelier seminary, gave a musical there last night, which was much enjoyed by a large number.

The Central Vermont Congregational club meets to-night in Bethany church, opening with a business meeting and election of officers at 6:30; dinner at 7, served by the ladies of the church; and at 8 o'clock an address by Rev. Howard A. Bridgman, D. D., editor of the Congregationalist, whose topic will be "Is Congregationalism Worth While?"

Miss Ethel N. Anderson of this city and Floyd J. McCullum of Saratoga Springs were married last evening at the home of the bride, Rev. S. F. Blomfield officiating. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Olive Anderson and George Anderson, sister and brother of the bride. A reception followed the ceremony and a wedding luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. McCullum left at once for Saratoga Springs, where the groom is employed.

Mrs. Mary Ware Foster, widow of Joel Foster, died yesterday of pneumonia, after an illness of four months. Mrs. Foster was born in Montpelier, on March 23, 1825, the daughter of Cyrus and Polly Ware, and was married to Joel Foster, April 29, 1853. Mr. Foster was one of the original projectors of the Montpelier & Wells River railroad and the builder of the Montpelier water works, being for several years superintendent of the system. Mrs. Foster is survived by one son, George H. Foster, who resides in Wyoming. She was a public-spirited woman and very active in the work of the Church of the Messiah. The funeral was held this afternoon. Rev. Albert H. Spence officiating, with interment in Green Mount cemetery.

IN LOCAL MARKETS

The Price of Eggs and Potatoes Remains Very Firm

DRESSED PORK STEADY AT 10½@11c

Creamery Butter Brings 29c and Dairy 26@27c

Barre, Vt., June 4, 1913. Eggs and potato prices very firm. Wholesale quotations: Dressed pork—10@10½c. Veals—10½@11c. Fowls—18@20c. Butter, dairy—26@27c. Butter, creamery—29c. Fresh eggs—20@21c. Potatoes—60@65c per bushel.

RICKER'S MARKET REPORTS

Receipts Somewhat Larger During Week—Milk Cows Bring \$45@55c. St. Johnsbury, June 4.—Receipts at W. A. Ricker's market for the week ending June 2 included: Poultry—400 lbs. 12c. Lambs—10, 3@6c. Hogs—300, 7@8c. Cattle—80, 3@6c. Calves—700, 3@7c. Milk cows—30, \$45@55c.

IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Butter High, One-Half of That Received Last Week Went Into Storage.

Boston, June 4.—The local butter market is slightly higher and firm. Receipts are liberal and the consumptive demand has often been livelier, but a good deal of butter is going into cold storage and it is those who store who make the market these days. Almost half the butter that was received last week went into cold storage. There is no change in the cheese market; country markets have not changed much during the past week and for that reason it is not possible to advance prices, while supplies are not large enough to make sellers at all anxious. There is a very firm market for hennery eggs, supplies of which are steadily growing more limited. Good gathered eggs are not too plenty and also are firm in price.

Jobbing quotations: Butter—Fancy Northern creamery, tubs 30@30½c, boxes 31½@32c, prints 32@32½c, fancy Western creamery in tubs 30@30½c, good to choice creamery 28½@29c. Cheese—New York twins, new, fancy 15½@16c, fair to good 14@14½c. Young America 17½@18c, old 18½@19c, old sage, 19@19½c. Eggs—Fancy hennery 28@29c, choice Eastern 25@26c, fresh Western, extras 24@25c, firsts 23@24c.

ANNIE MORGAN ON MINIMUM WAGE

"Perfect Nonsense," Declares J. P. Morgan's Daughter, As Solution of Immorality.

New York, June 4.—"It is perfect nonsense to think that a working girl who is immoral on a salary of \$8 a week, will lead a virtuous life on \$8 a week," was the way in which Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, yesterday answered the question of whether she believes in a minimum wage for women.

Miss Morgan was explaining how easy it was for every girl to put by a few pennies a week and have enough for some bit of a vacation in the summer. "I think wages have nothing to do with the question of morality," continued Miss Morgan, "and the girls themselves were the first to resent the suggestion that the minimum wage is the remedy for minimum morals. Of course we will all have to see that women are paid wages upon which they can live, but that is a direct relation between the wages of women and their morality. And working women have been the first to point this out."

STEFANSSON IN SASKATCHEWAN

Farewell Visit to Mother Before Leaving for Arctic on June 10.

Wynyard, Sask., June 4.—Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the explorer, who starts from Equivalant, June 10, on a five-year expedition to the Arctic regions, arrived here yesterday on a farewell visit to his mother and brother, who live in this place. Stefansson intended to proceed yesterday to Victoria, where his party is gathered, but found preparations for a public reception and banquet in his honor had been made for last night and delayed his trip to the coast until late today.

NEW ALTITUDE RECORD.

French Aviator Climbs 16,832 Feet with Woman Passenger.

Versailles, Paris, June 4.—Aviator Porrier with a woman passenger yesterday, ascended in a monoplane to a height of 16,832 feet, establishing a new world's record for altitude with a passenger.

STRIKE GROWING IN BRAZIL

President Fonseca Starts Inquiry Into Street Car Strike.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, June 4.—The strike here has spread to the stockers on the line in the harbor and threatens to tie up all business.

President Fonseca has begun a personal investigation of the street railway strike.

Bakes Bread To Perfection

Bread light and crisp, kitchen clean and comfortable—you can count on this when you use a New Perfection oven with a

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

Smokeless Odorless

Bakes, broils, roasts and toasts.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-stove is cleaner than a coal or wood range. Cheaper than gas. Cooks everything as well as either.

Burns kerosene, the cleanest, handiest fuel.

No coal or ashes to carry.

No soot. No smoke. No dust.



The new 4-burner New Perfection Stove cooks a whole meal at once with the least expense, trouble and discomfort. Indicator shows just how much oil is in font.

Smaller stoves with 1, 2 or 3 burners.

Ask your dealer to show you a New Perfection with patent broiler and other accessories, or write for descriptive circular to

STANDARD OIL COMPANY of New York

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT

Will Be Seen at Young Buffalo Wild West Show.

A pleasing piece of news is the announcement that the Young Buffalo Wild West, Vernon C. Seaver's Hippodrome and Col. Cummins' Far East will exhibit in Barre on June 10, putting on two performances.

In response to the almost insatiable desire of the American public for something new and different, three of the most diversified forms of tented entertainment have been combined and show in one vast arena. The Wild West, set in picturesque environment and the Hippodrome, replete with fresh imported novelties, joined with the Far East contingent of premier performers from foreign lands; forms a program of amusement probably never surpassed in a single performance. Games and feats



of skill, roping wild horses, lariat throwing, fancy horsemanship and other ranch scenes and incidents illustrating the life of the hardy pioneer will be shown in the Wild West section. Annie Oakley, famed the world over as the champion and premier rifle and revolver shot, will demonstrate her marvelous skill at each performance.

The Far East will be represented by caravans of horses, camels, donkeys, elephants and other beasts of burden. A tribe of Bedouins depicting a scene on the Sahara desert is a feature of this section. Groups of Arabs, Moors, Hindus, Persians and Cingalese, garbed in their native dress, will be seen engaged in characteristic occupations, along with Hindoo fakirs, whirling Dervishes and other peoples. With them will be shown animals of the Orient, including Tiny Muggins, the smallest elephant in the world.

The Hippodrome section contains a large number of the highest class circus acts, some of them marking the apex of human daring. Interspersed throughout the three divisions of the combined shows are a series of absolutely new and original clown acts, among them a spectacular reel, "The Dance of the Jungle," "The Penobscot Rubes," "The Taximeter," "The Bounding Hayrack" and many other mirth provoking features.

The street parade, all new and over a mile in length, will leave the show grounds at 10:30 a. m. the day of the show. The doors will open at 1 and 7 p. m. and the performances will start an even hour later.—Adv.

ROBBED OF \$50,000 GEMS.

Maiden Lake Diamond Dealer Loses Jewels While He Is at Lunch.

New York, June 4.—Isaac Theise, a Maiden Lake diamond dealer, reported to the police yesterday afternoon that gems worth between \$40,000 and \$50,000 had been stolen from his place of business while he was absent during the lunch hour. The thief made a clean getaway, leaving no clue. The jewels, according to Theise, were all in one sack. The thief had but to force the door of the establishment, which is on the eleventh floor of 47 Maiden lane, seize the sack and slip out of the building.

How Their Story Ended

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

They were walking in a garden. The roses were in full bloom; consequently you must know that it was June.

"I wish you would tell me how you write these stories," she remarked. "I can't understand how you take persons, make them talk and do things just as if they were real."

"Anybody who tries can do it," he replied.

"I couldn't write a line."

"Suppose you try. I'll help you. Take for your characters persons you know."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, there's Ferguson."

"And you?"

"I don't think you can make anything interesting of me, but you are welcome to use me. That's two men. Now you need either one or two girls. Since this is your first story, perhaps you had better confine yourself to a few characters. One girl will do. She shall be the heroine."

"Is it to be a love story?"

"Well, yes; a kind of love story."

"What girl of my acquaintance shall I take for the heroine?"

"Yourself. You'll do very well."

"Oh, dear; I'm afraid I shall not be have myself heroically."

"The heroine of a story is not always heroic. The words hero and heroine were used for the leading male and female characters in stories when it was the fashion to make them possess every human heroic trait. Then as a counterpart there was always a villain—man or woman—whose evil acts noble persons were obliged to counteract. Our story will be a plain, uneventful love tale."

"Who is the heroine, as you call her, in love with?"

"Your question brings us to an element that is always of assistance in holding the interest of a story—curiosity. It may be well in this case to conceal her feelings from the reader for a time."

"She has only two men to choose from, you and Mr. Ferguson."

"There may be another who will enter at the climax—some one not mentioned till then—who will be a surprise."

"Is he to be a surprise to you and Mr. Ferguson?"

"He'll be a surprise to me, for the indications are in favor of Ferguson."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It is difficult of explanation, but I will try. When an author sets out to tell a story it is like one moving toward an object so distant that he can't make it out. It may turn out to be a house or a windmill or—

"An elephant."

"Just so. Now, the story in the author's mind is like that object. He may suppose it to be a windmill, and as he nears it, despite his preconceived notion, it may turn out to be—

"An elephant."

"I see you understand my demonstration perfectly."

"Factly. Do you refer to an ordinary elephant or a white one?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"I was thinking that if the heroine took either of the characters she might get—

"Something she didn't want?"

"There was no reply to this. He did not seem pleased with the way the story was getting on. In fact, he looked very grim. She plucked a rose that leaned toward her from "its lovely companions" and handed it to him. Quite likely this was to encourage him to go on with the construction of the

story. It brought about the change in him she desired.

"If you're going to introduce a third man to come in and take the heroine at the end of the story I suppose we'd better settle on who he is to be."

"What need of that?" she asked.

"Well, you see, in story making you must suggest faintly what you're going to do. The man should be in the story, but you don't need to give away the fact that he's to win the heroine in the end."

"But if we name some one we'll know that he's a dark horse, and it will spoil the story for us."

"It wouldn't spoil it for me."

"In other words, you take no interest in whom the heroine marries."

"There was a slight touch of reproach in her tone as she said this."

"Not at all," he hastened to reply.

"When I read other persons' stories, not my own, I always look at the end to see how it all turns out."

"But this is your story, isn't it?"

"And yours?"

"The lady, I believe, has the privilege of hearing the man's part of the story before she tells her part."

"Not when they are collaborating. They must work together. They would never get a story made in the world in that way."

"Then I'm afraid it will not be made."